THE TICKLER.

BY TOBY SCRATCH'EM.

VOL II.——No. 23. Whole No. 75.

" Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one *worthy man* my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!"

POPE.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1809.

TERMS OF THE TICKLER.

I. The Tickler shall be printed on a neat type and good paper, medium size, and delivered to subscribers residing within the city and suburbs on every Wednesday morning. Papers for subscribers residing at a distance, shall be forwarded according to the directions given.

II. Subscription——Four dollars per annum, payable quarterly, in advance. Subscribers not residing within the city and suburbs pay half yearly, in advance. Single papers, twelve and an half cents.

III. Unless notice is given of an intention to discontinue, at the end of a quarterly, semi-annual, or annual subscription, the omission will be considered as a new engagement, and the papers forwarded accordingly.

Subscriptions received at the publication office, No. 131, South Front-street.

District of Pennsylvania, *to wit:*

BE it remembered, that on the eleventh day of May, in the thirty-third year of the independence of the United States of America, A.D. 1809, Benjamin Carr, of the said district, hath deposited in this office, the title of a book the right whereof he claims as proprietor in the words following, to wit:

"*APPLICAZIONE ADDOLCITA, twelve airs and a ground with variations, or arranged as rondos in the different major and minor keys chiefly in use, with the fingering marked, and a small prelude to each, by Benjamin Carr. OP. price 3 dollars.*

"*The certainty that there cannot be too great a number of pieces proper for pupils, is the inducement for the present addition to those already published; the following are not placed in any progressive order, further than the regular increase of sharps and flats; the little preludes being all upon the same construction, may perhaps give some idea of transportation and variation. To amateurs who occasionally wish for some short pieces of the above kind, this work is also respectfully submitted.*"

In conformity to the act of the congress of the United States, intituled, 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned.' And also to the act, entitled, 'An act supplementary to an act entitled, an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the time therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints.'

D. CALDWELL,
CLERK
July 12 of the district of Pennsylvania.

Printing.

Books, pamphlets, cards, handbills, and every species of printing, neatly and promptly executed, on reasonable terms, at the office of the Tickler.

Dr. Godbold's
Vegetable Balm of Life.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

The following certificate is published at the request of the under-mentioned *NOBILITY*, &c. who honoured the late Proprietor with their names, to prove the validity of his assertions and for the good of mankind.

Godbold's Vegetable Balm of Life,

So truly efficacious in the cure of Consumptions and Asthmas, ought not only to be held in high estimation, but its reputation ever preserved; for which purpose, in justice to Mr. Godbold, sole patentee of the Vegetable Balm of Life, (and as a tribute due to him for the many years study and infinite expence he has been at, in discovering and bringing to perfection a medicine of such utility and importance,) we do hereby certify and declare, that this medicine, the superior efficacy of which we have experienced in our own families and to whomsoever we have recommended it, is a sovereign remedy in Consumptions, Asthmas, Coughs, Colds, and Scorbutic complaints; we, therefore, recommend it as highly necessary to be kept in all families, and it is our earnest request that the afflicted may give it trial, being convinced of its certain success in those complaints.

Most noble the marquis of Lothian
Right hon. viscount Dudley and Ward
Right hon. lord Grantley
Right hon. lord Macdonald
Right hon. lord Fortescue
Right hon. lord Montfort
Right hon. viscountess Dudley and Ward
Right hon. lady dowager Grantley
Right hon. lady dowager Fortescue
Right hon. Mr. Shirley
Right hon. lady dowager viscountess Falmouth
Lady Appreece
Sir John Coghill, bart.
Sir Francis Blake, bart.
Sir Brook Bridges, bart.
Sir Edward Newenham, bart. M. P. for Dublin
Judge Barrington, ditto
Sir George Armstrong, bart.
Sir James Lake, bart.
General Drouly
Colonel Doyle, and
Colonel De Bath.

The proprietor had the honour to receive a letter from the right hon. earl of Stamford, wherein he says, 'I shall with pleasure give any person who might apply to me, my opinion of the good effects of your most valuable medicine.'

Attested certificates from the above noble persons, explaining the particulars of each cure effected, are wrapped round each bottle, together with other certificates too numerous to mention.

This medicine is sold by appointment of the proprietor, in bottles at one dollar each, by

W. LEHMAN, W. SMITH & SON,
South Second-street, 1st house above the Bank of Pennsylvania.
JOHN Y. BRYANT,
Corner of Pine & Second-streets.
JOHN HART,
South Second near Market-street.
BAZIN & CO.
No. 11, north Second-street.
SAMUEL WETHERILL & SON,
Front-street near Arch-street.
JOHN WETHERILL,
Corner of Arch and Front-streets.
STEPHEN NORTH,
No. 85, Market-street.
RICHARD HEIMBERGER,
No. 200, north 2d street.

And likewise by the proprietor himself,

Henry Ward,
Corner of Walnut and Eighth-streets.

At the same places may be had, Dr. Jebb's Nature's Restorative, and also, Dr. Tissot's Gout and Rheumatic Drops.

A liberal allowance will be made to those who purchase by the dozen.

NB. None are genuine without the signature of the proprietor as above.

May 3, 1809.

Education.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public, and his friends in particular, that he continues his

Boarding School,

OPPOSITE THE TWO MILE STONE, ON THE RIDGE ROAD,

WHERE IS TAUGHT,

Reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, mathematics, &c. and solicits the encouragement of a generous public, which he will endeavour to merit by his attention.

J. Rolph.

Terms of boarding and tuition, 100 dollars per annum, payable quarterly.

June 28.

PATENT
WALL COLOURING,
AND PAINTING
IN IMITATION OF PAPERING.

THE subscriber respectfully presents his thanks to to the public, for the general encouragement he has met with, in the above-mentioned new method of ornamenting walls instead of papering; and as a number of improvements have been made, some defects discovered and accordingly corrected, he flatters himself, that a repetition of his former advertisements, as also a statement of his improvements, will be acceptable to the citizens at large. The superior advantages attending this painting, in respect to durability, cost, and not being a harbor for insects, must be obvious to every unprejudiced observer. It is generally known, that paper cannot be made to last long on damp walls, whereas the painting when executed in water colors, will stand proof for a considerable time, without being injured by it. The roughness of walls is as effectually hid by the painting when figured, as by papering, and when become scaly by repeated white washing, the subscriber has them scraped and cleansed with appropriate instruments. Among the number of his improvements may be rated in the first instance, his greater facility and accuracy in copying the most difficult patterns from paper. He has also discovered a better method of preparing his colors for plain grounds on new walls, and old ones, exposed to damp. He has invented a machine for a scaffold to raise and lower and move about without coming down, practicable in all parts of a building, by which means he will be enabled to do his work nearly half as fast again. He will for the future be better aided by proper instructed assistants, so as to prevent disappointment, and also establish a better, and to the public more satisfactory regulation of his prices.

Specimens in oil and water colours, may be seen in all parts of the city and suburbs. Patterns already copied from paper, to be chosen at his dwelling, No. 108, north Seventh-street, where written directions will be duly attended to.

N. B. Two boys, from 14 to 18 years of age, and of good moral character, wanted as apprentices.

Augustus Uz.

May 10——tf

TURTLE SOUP.

THE PUBLIC ARE RESPECTFULLY INFORMED, that Turtle Soup will be ready from 4 until 10 P. M. on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS & FRIDAYS, during the season, at the sign of Columbus, No. 110, north 2d street.

B. Roberts.

The Tickler.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 19.

For the TICKLER.

The public are hereby notified, that the subscriber rented the house in Strawberry-alley, the late residence of *Isaac R. Marshall*, in May last, and they are cautioned against entering into any contract for the premises, as he is determined to enter into the possession of them the first convenient opportunity.

And now a few words for you Mr. Isaac R. Marshal, student of law and morals——What will your friends and the public think of you, when they shall be made acquainted with your shameful conduct in this transaction; when thoy shall know, that on the first of May you rented me the house, the key to be delivered in ten days—that you tore down the bill in the presence of a respectable person—that you afterwards demured against the contract, understanding (how I cannot tell) that my intentions were to carry on a mechanical business in the house —that I satisfied you to the contrary, and that you so far considered the contract as binding, that you requested me to buy a stove fixed in the house, lest there should some damage accrue in the removal of it? What will they think of your shuffling conduct, (to say no worse of it) when they know that you promised the delivery of the key before two respectable witnesses, at 12 o'clock on the day of the sale of your furniture, and when I applied for it at the time appointed it was refused—not because it was not my right, but because the premises had been rented again over my head for 50 dollars more than I had agreed to pay, by *Enoch Wheeler, gentleman*. You to be sure, left Enoch to m ke the best of the business and escaped with a sham sickness——was at home and was not at home, had the key and had it not. In truth the game played by you and Wheeler had much the appearance of the two honest gentlemen with the leg of mutton in a cooks shop, so humourously related by Esop. But to be plain Mr. Isaac R. Marshal, have the house I will—the respectability of your relations and their standing in a religious society notwithstanding, will not impede me from pursuing this business to the utmost extent, and from shewing to the world, that in this instance you have departed from the maxims of the society of friends, and disgraced as far as an act of yours can do, your relatives.

W. F. M.

Out of two contemptible little societies, composed of the same men, called the Independent Democrats & the Associated Friends of democracy and Simon Snyder——the former consisting of about thirty, and the latter of about twenty members, the king of Ignorance has made the following appointments.

Thomas Passmore, Auctioneer,	worth per ann.	$.5000
James M'Glathery,	do.	5000
John Humes,	do.	5000
James Carson,	recorder of deeds	5000
Henry Orth,	flour inspector, since resigned,	5000
Walter Franklin,	attorney general	2000
Isaac Heister,	Lazaretto physician	2000
Jacob Mitchell,	inspector of lumber	1500
Josiah Randall,	clerk of the Mayor's court	1500
Joseph Barnes,	prothonotary of the S. court	1000
John Meer,	regulator of weights & measures	500
Isaac Heylin,	member of the board of health	500
Hugh Ferguson,	do.	500
Simon Geyer,	regulator of dry measures	300
John Geyer,	associate judge of com. pleas	200
		$.30,000

To which may be added the appointment of John Binns to the office of governor, over ignorant Simon, & his satelites, worth, with the printing, at least 10,000 dollars per annum.

We frequently meet with things to surprise & confound us, An instance of this kind occurs in the intimacy that subsists between honest Mat, & the Scotch ropemaker:

The round-headed ropemaker,
The empty-headed ropemaker,
The jacobinic ropemaker,

Who not long since proclaimed that honest Mat had cheated his creditors, and himself among the rest, and otherwise most vehemently abused the amiable, the pious little broker. Now, either the ropemaker *LIED* most tremendously, or else Mat is the rascal he alledged him to be. In either case a disgraceful inference must be deduced, for the declaration was publicly and boisterously uttered, and if untrue, ought to be as publicly recanted——but this has not been done. What shall we say then? Why that they are worthy of each other. We shall pursue the *threads* of this subject further and perhaps *span* it out to a great length.

ROPUS M'CLOUD.

We would caution the reverend doctor who preaches in Second-street, against so great an intimacy with *Honest Mat*, lest it should envelope the minds of some of his hearers in a nasty, unwholesome CLOUD—as we are informed the doctor is generally respected and esteemed by his congregation, we are the more solicitous that he should so conduct himself, as to deserve neither the contempt nor the ridicule of persons whose esteem is worth the officious attention of a thousand scoundrels. Honest Mat's character is so notorious, that we are surprised that the doctor, of whom we expected better things, should be seen publickly and frequently in company with the little hateful wretch.

EX AMICITIA SCRIPSIT.

FOR THE TICKLER.

Mr. Scratch'em,

Of the various pursuits of man, none are more deserving of universal admiration, than those which point out to him his frailties and imperfections; and among the many objects of public zeal and ardor, a regard to moral and religious precepts and practice, of all others, is the most forcible conviction of our manifold errors. But it is a singular phenomenon in human nature, that, even when absent from that divine sphere of light, which is the source of all felicity, we oftentimes seemingly conduct ourselves with propriety: but when brought forward to perform a sacred duty to our maker, we frequently deviate from that noble faculty of reasoning with which nature has gifted us.

Thus, human inconsistencies appear, where they ought least to be expected.

Perhaps if it were not for some gentle rebuke, or a staring look from some one, disorder and indecency probably would become a characteristic of particular places of worship, and convert them rather into places of resort, than houses of devotion. Alas! it is then, that the precepts of christianity have less influence on certain minds, than the disapprobation, or sudden emotions of surprize of some one in a remote corner of the assemblage.

It is unnessary to discriminate between modes of divine service—these are matters of useless ceremony—so, whether it be in loud and exalted voices of melody, or secret praying, is of little consequence. Therefore, among many institutions for the promoting of religion, we also find schools for the instruction of *sacred music*, which necessarily is accompanied with hymns, psalms, &c. and such places afford alike the proper season for devotion, and ought to be conducted with all possible decency and decorum, not by exhibiting alternately distorted phizes of risibility—intervals of female garrulity—giggling, hemming, &c. and riding from seat to seat in order to be posted at some more elevated spot, *to see and be seen*. But alas! *if the head respecteth not itself, how shall the members respect themselves?*

Houses of divine worship are free of access to all persons: but, we presume singing schools to consist of a limited or convenient number of pupils, who contribute to the same in equ l proprotions——In this case, there cannot be that free admission given to all persons, which churches afford. However, no objection can with any propriety be made to the presence of spectators demeaning themselves orderly——but when a set of trifling fops of the clerkship department, sneak creepingly along the sides of such places, and have the daring presumption to ridicule and propose chants of blackguardism to be introduced, I hesitate not to say, that it would be accordant to principles of perhaps *honorable* gallantry (not that species however which this *whistling* tribe profess) to grace the seats of honor of such puppies with a kick, hurling them headlong out of doors.

LAH-SOL.

Reading, July 15

Information requested.

Mr. Scratch'em will feel himself much obliged to any person who can and does afford him information, as to the manner in which the first wife of the king of Ignorance came by her death; and whether she did not break her heart in consequence of the evil treatment she received from her brutal husband; more particularly on account of a violent beating which he gave her with a broomstick, about six days before her decease.

The assiduity evinced by Mr. Peale in the enlargement of his Museum, is highly praise-worthy; and we sincerely regret the necessity we are under of stating the recent losses he has sustained, by the unexpected re-animation and escape of a little pale smock-faced Outang-Outang, and a rough-shod Baboon in breeches. The public curiosity can now be gratified free of expence, as those animals may be seen strutting about the pavement before the statehouse, at almost any time during the hours for transacting business in the offices of the clerk of the Mayor's court, and the recorder of deeds for the city and county of Philadelphia.

Spectacles were in great requisition among the democrats of this city, immediately after the 4th of July, as *black* eyes were plentier than *black* berries.

As Philip Karney and *doctor* Frick, two of John Binn's negroes, the one a *white* and the other a *black* one, were a few days ago walking down Third-street together, they overheard a man saying that Simon Snyder was a fool and a scoundrel, when they both fell on him to give him a sound beating for daring thus to asperse the character of their master's deputy governor; the black one attacked him behind and the white one before; and if it had not been for the interference of some peaceable persons, would probably have beat him to a jelly.

A *sheepish* paragraph.

We understand that the knight of the thimble makes sheep-skin waistcoats, in imitation of Marseilles. It is but *wright* that animals should be cloathed in their own skins, and recommend him to make one for bully Jones and wear another himself. N.

The show of cattle at Bush-hill commenced yesterday, and is to be continued to day. John Lawyer Mansfield makes a very conspicuous figure among the *horned* species.

Johnny Steel, our sage common council man, had better take the Tickler himself, than disappoint so many of Mrs. R's customers——for every Wednesday morning he borrows it as soon as it is left by the carrier.

IRON.

For the TICKLER.

Mr. Scratch'em,

Sir—I must confess I observe with great satisfaction the unfeigned politeness of the young gentlemen of the present day. The pains they take to ingratiate themselves into our favor, cannot fail to flatter our vanity very much; and I think that I never saw so much taste displayed in their dress as at this time, particularly about the feet——those yellow shoes and all, contribute to confirm the interest I always thought they felt in appearing to advantage before us——their gallantry has now arrived at such a pitch of perfection, that I cannot walk half a square, without receiving offers of half a dozen of those sweet fellows to escort me——it is a temptation that I must confess is almost too great to be rejected. I recently took a short walk, and on my return, at the corner of Arch and Seventh-streets, I met an elegant looking young fellow, who offered, and almost pressed me to accept of his servises, but the distance being so short, I declined and thanked him very politely, but his regard for the fair sex would permit him to take no denial, but I thought it would be ungenerous to put him to the trouble of turning about, particularly as I had never before seen him, therefore I ran across the street, and his politeness urged him to follow, and after a wild goose chace two or three times back and forward, it was only my superior swiftness down Seventh street, that prevented him from taking the trouble that my delicacy prevented me from putting him to.

LUCY.

A neat thing.

The following letter from CHARLES KENNY, quondam porter and errand boy at the Merchants' coffee-house, and now Simon Snyder's register and recorder for the county of Chester, fell accidentally into our hands. It plainly evinces the contempt and hatred of the present incumbents for the disappointed applicants for offices, and no ordinary degree of assiduity in the creatures of the king of Ignorance, to ascribe the disapprobation expressed of his weak and wicked administration, by the more candid portion of the democratic party, to motives excited by disappointed ambition.

'*West Chester, July* 14th, 1809.

'I am instructed by Mr. Edward Darlington,* the president of the company of republicans, who met at West Chester on the 4th of July, to celebrate the birth day of American Independence, to request you to have the *goodness of* publishing the toasts drank by the company on that day, in the Democratic Press. By *mistake* the paper containing the toasts was sent to the editor of the *Zone*, before a copy was procured.

Our company was a *respectable* one, and the greatest harmony prevailed, notwithstanding *our vice president was one of the disappointed office seekers*. I suppose our toasts will *offend your neighbours*. I wish you to publish in the Press the notice to the democratic republicans of this county.

Your *sincere* friend,
and fellow-*subject*,
CHAS. KENNY.

Mr. John Binns.

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* Neddy for some cogent reasons has been nicknamed 'the *friend* of the blacksmith the modern Uriah.' T. T.

More coals sent to New-castle.

By the provisions of the non-intercourse law, all British or French vessels were prohibited from entering our ports. In consequence of the accommodation with England several British merchantmen entered the bay and river Delaware, after the 20th of May and before the 10th of June. One of the vessels came up to New-castle, upon which George Read, the district attorney, libelled her; and notwithstanding he had vociferated against chief justice Marshall for dining with Burr, upon receiving information that the British captain lived well, was a jolly cock, and had some excellent London porter on board, he visited him on a Saturday, and did not get again on shore, till Monday morning. Some of Read's friends began to fear that the British captain had *impressed* him; but this apprehension was dispelled, when they recollected that the vessel was only a merchantman—George upon relanding, assured his friends that he had acted as a *volunteer*, and *discharged* many a bottle during his continuance on board.

Modern Chivalry.

The public attention was occupied for some time previous to the late term of quarter-sessions, in prognosticating the probable result of a *contemplated* affair of honor between captain D. Freytag, and the valiant *cow-skin*-colonel of Point Breese. The following statement of the origin, progress and termination of this *bloodless* affair, will probably *amuse* our readers.

On the 29th of May, capt. Freytag, by his friend Mr. Burwell, transmitted the following note to the hero of Point Breese.

'Sir,

'I shall be to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock, on the Jersey shore, opposite the United States navy yard, where you may come if you please, and partake of such diet as the shore affords. The bearer of this will go with me, and none else.

D. FREYTAG.

Philad. 29th May, 1808.

Saml. Hargesheimer.'

The bearer of the above note found colonel Cowskin within; he presented his message—on Hargesheimer's perusing it, he observed that his countenance assumed a livid paleness, his lips quivered, and his frame was convulsed by a kind of tremulous motion, not generally supposed to be the consequence of bravery. After he had read the note, and recovered from his agitation so as to be able to speak, he told *his wife* that it was a challenge to fight a duel—then assured Mr. Burwell that he would be there precisely at the time stated in the note, and if capt. Freytag did not come, he would prosecute him for sending a challenge——if he did come, he would give him and his second as d——d a whipping as ever they had in their lives; and immediately sent for *two cow-skins*——but told *his wife* that she need not be uneasy as there was *no danger of his being hurt.*

About two hours after the delivery of capt. Freytag's note, he was arrested by virtue of a warrant issued by Danny Bessieres, Esq. on the oath of Elizabeth, *wife of Samuel Hargesheimer.* Squire Bessieres, (generally supposed to be an illegitimate brother of the French field marshal Bessieres, duke of Dalmatia) a great friend of Hargesheimer's, bound over Freytag to answer at the quarter sessions for challenging an *ass* in a lion's skin. The grand jury did not view the note as a challenge, and very properly returned the bill IGNORAMUS.

The colonel is said to have sold his two cow-skins.

We wonder whether the *learned* colonel cowskin wished to *shield* his cowardice, by drinking the following *unshielded* toast on the 4th instant.

'*By lieut. col. Hargesheimer.* The liberty of the seas, May the sword of justice never be *shielded*, until the British nation acknowledge the ocean a public highway to all nations.'

We would advise a certain lawyer, not quite as black as the devil, to have a patent elastic truss put beneath his chin, as recent circumstances before the grand jury, have had, we presume, a tendency to lengthen his phiz.

If the lawyer with the clean hands takes our advice, and applies a truss, we shall certainly do him the justice to state to the public, that he is not a *goose* truss'd for *roasting*, for from the feelings which some late transactions of his have excited, we are inclined to think he would be apt to get a little *basting* along with a *roasting*, and as we honor such bright luminaries, we would wish to prevent his being either roasted or basted.

That father of the law, BLAIR, has not yet made his application for a *quo warranto* on Tittyboy, to shew by what tenure he holds and exercises the office of clerk of the Mayor's court.

We understand there is a new manufactory of *patent blacking* in this city, carried on by the firm of 'SALL, HARRIS, & Co.' This blacking the proprietors expect will have the quality of giving every thing it touches the same appearance as themselves. We hope their exertions *pro bono publico*, will meet with the reward they merit, but we are sorry to say, that the agent lawyer Notquiteblack, is the only one who has as yet received any benefit from the manufactory.

A man *(or rather a boy)* inflated with vanity is very apt to forget his old friends——so it is with Tittyboy——his old *intimate*, Nathan the black oysterman, had been bail for a man, then a prisoner at the bar on another charge, whom he wished to surrender in order to exonerate himself. He applied to Tittyboy for a regular bail-piece, and was kept waiting for some time without being attended to——he grew impatient, and catching the eye of Tittyboy, endeavoured by winks & other significant gestures to induce him to dispatch his business; but instead of a kind compliance, poor Nathan was greeted with a tremendous shake of the head and a frown that almost annihilated the sable vender of oysters.

A certain lawyer, we presume, is *quite* in his element in the office of deputy attorney general, as he will now have a hand in all the dirty business of the Mayor's court, he may therefore lay or stand in the——mud,

Grunting soft things to his own flesh and blood.

We recently hinted that lawyer Tittyboy was about joining in a matrimonial contract with a fine female grenadier, who lived next door to his former office: but to his infinite regret we learn that his dulcinea has fled he knows not whither. He is said, however, to receive some consolation from the encouraging glances of a buxom, five feet ten inch high kitchen wench, who lives nearly opposite his office. We hope that a *CONJUNCTION* will speedily take place, as Tittyboy is said to be extremely anxious to *cross* the family breed, in the manner practised by farmers, when their cattle become small and *scrubby.* Old Mat is quite averse to this match——he swears he would rather that his grandchildren were little than *IGNOBLE*——Mat has noble blood in his veins from the time he passed as a nobleman, while travelling through France.

From the shop of Quiz & co.

Says a young imp of hell, to his dad as he met him,
Wrapt in gloom and in rage on the Stygian shore,
There's a man upon earth, could we make out to get him
Would pay us I'm sure, for our trouble twice o'er.

Who is that cried old soot, 'tis a lawyer of mettle,
Who the dirty work does sir, of all your great town;
With a heart which is not quite as black as a kettle;
Says *Old Nick* with a great oath, he is my own.

The King of Ignorance has recently made another appointment, in which his usual regard for capability, reputation and 'public opinion' is eminently displayed——we allude to the appointment of a travelling Italian or Savoyard, commonly known by the name of PUGLIA.

'From de cold snowy mountains of Savoy,
He comm'd ven he vas von littel boy,
To dancee de dog, and to sing in de street,
Vhile his cymbal go ting de ling ting.'

This Italian or Savoyard adventurer, has been appointed '*health officer* of the port of Philadelphia.' The situation was last filled by an old sea-captain; and it was generally supposed that the health officer ought to possess an extensive knowledge of naval affairs. In accordance with this opinion, the *present* board of health, (all men selected by his viceroy Binns, and commissioned by king *Solomon Simon* himself) united in recommending an old sea-captain, a man whom report represents as being very eligible for that situation. But his 'tannic majesty thought otherwise——he disregarded 'public opinion,' so far as that 'opinion' had been expressed, and appointed Puglia, who was not even in Pennsylvania at the last election——what claims had he then on public patronage——why, some years ago, the infamous BEN MAYER, of Dunkerstown *deed* memory, and now publisher of a filthy little German dish-clout, called the Harrisburgh Aurora, endeavored to establish an English democratic paper, of which Puglia was the editor. But the paper was so wretchedly conducted, being neither English, German nor Italian, that the democrats of Dauphin county, though not very delicate in their general taste, rejected Ben Mayer and Puglia's English paper with loathing, & thus the project eventuated in——nothing,

Puglia has another strong claim on king Simon——he wrote a miserable piece in favour of an abolition of the state governments, & a consolidation of the requisite powers in the general government——now as Snyder is the champion of '*STATE RIGHTS*,' (as his adherents style insurrection,) it is extremely *CONSISTENT* in him to patronize the man who would rid him of that care, by abolishing all real 'state rights,' together with the state sovereignties.

[*Republished from the Troy Gazette, for the amusement of our Society of* white *Indians.*]

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AFRICAN TAMMANY SOCIETY

CELEBRATION.

De anniversary of de American independence, who is tirty tree years old now, our Tammany Society all celebrate 'em on de fourth of July at de wigwam which we got in Second-street. We got a nice good bower in dat place which Quasha and Cudjo fix up—We light a council fire to warm a poor negur, light a pipe a piece by, and boil roast beef on——we hab good rum——good roast pig——good loaf and fish——good tobacco——good fiddle——good pow wow——good company, better dan de demmicrats I guess——and I warrant we hab as a good times and a good scrape as any ob 'em. De *spirit of Tammany* he was dere, and was mighty grad to see us all so merry——Sambo says he see him——and wedder or no, we hab dam good Jamaica *spirits* I tell you. De Sachem of de toder Tammany Society did'nt cum, ['tween you and I, dat fellow grow proud as de debil.] If all our society had cum togeder, I guess we should hab long procession as de demicrat, if dey had'nt walk so dam far apart——pity we sons of Tammany could'nt agree to be all wrap up togeder in one piece of wampum as big as Massa Andecourt tell a lie——for as de poet say,

How pleasant 'tis to see
Bredren and kin agree.

HERE COMES OUR TOASTS.

1. May all de Tammany Societies come into one society, den what a dam big society we shall hab.

Song—*Four and twenty black birds baked in a pye.*

2. Old Massa Tammany himself——His spirit be not ashamed to be wid us at de council fire which be lighted to day——better be here wid a poor honest negur African, dan way out yonder wid de debilish demmicrat.

Song—*Pussey's in de cream pot.*

3. Our broder Tom, de last grand sachem of dis nation——we be all red men——all white men——and lib togeder in peace and unicorn: but de dam fellow deserts Sally, so de peoples desert him.

Song—*Indian Bolosopher.*

4. Our red broders in de next Tammany society——If dey will become de honest man, den we'll smoke de pipe of peace wid 'em at de next council fire.

Firm united let us be,
We're de sons of Tammany.

Song—*Jebberson and liberty.*

5. De gun boats—just like Sambo's pickaninny knife, wid no blade at all a most, and a dam gew gaw handle, he cost more dan he cum to.

Song—*Hi diddle diddle, de cat's in de fiddle.*

6. De 4th of July---wish he come half a dozen times a year, de sons of Tammany free to day, work like hell to-morrow. We don't hab a talk but we hab dam good toasts.

Song---*Stiff as Pompey Jenkins ahind de old church.*

7. Massa Andecourt, oderwise de Soup-Sach, oderwise de Frog-Eater——Guess he made in dam hurry, he got his wit in his belly and his guts in his head.

Song---*Goosey, goosey, gander, where shall I wander.*

8. DE FAIR——De white men need'nt be so broud wid dere fair; de sons of Tammany got FAIR too——Misse Phillisa won't turn her back to de best of 'em.

Song—*Massa gone away, toder man he cum.*

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317th year of discovery, }
season of de fruits. }

It is not true that MORDECAI M. NOAH is reading law with Tittyboy.

The son of Neptune is requested not to repeat the story of the GOLD MINE so frequently, or he will wear it threadbare——thirty-five times in one evening is quite too much for even the stoicism of Jemmy Kerr.

Hymeneal Intelligence.

On Saturday evening last, the celebrated DOCTOR Frick entered into the holy state of matrimony.

Who'd have thought it? eh!

The age of Chivalry reviving.

Burke, and the host of minor aristocratic writers, have pathetically lamented the extinction of the age of chivalry, by the progress of the late French revolution. That it received a severe check from that event we readily admit, but solemnly deny that it is extinct, and cite the following occurrence in support of our assertion.

A few days since two gentlemen, one an adopted son of Hibernia, the other '*a native born*,' were insensibly led by the thread of their discourse, to a discussion of that all-important question—*good eating*—— from good eating they descended to a dissertation on good cooking, in which Pat maintained that they dressed *beef steaks* in Ireland, in a manner superior to any other country on this side of the moon. This young Tammany denied, and in his turn asserted that in America they dressed beef-steaks equal, if not superior to the Irish system of cookery. One assertion being held to be as valid as the other, Pat sealed the business by telling his antagonist that '*he lied*.' This roused Tammany's ire, and he saluted Pat with a smack on the mazzard. Both parties being gentlemen, they scorned to descend to pugilism to decide their quarrel; pistols were mentioned and agreed upon; but as neither owned a brace, they applied to their friends for a loan of the death-dealing little boys, who upon learning the origin of the dispute, laughed at their folly and effected a reconciliation without bloodshed.

From the ORACLE OF DAUPHIN.

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS.

A Village Dame once taught a school,
And really thought herself no fool;
With dignity maintain'd her station,
And taught the rising generation.
She knew her letters, and could read
With help of spelling, it was said;
But never at a loss was known,
For active fancy help'd her on,
And, guessing words, she did maintain,
Was saving trouble, time and pain.

A little boy who was not idle,
Had been promoted to the BIBLE,
And met a word that made him quake,
(Such as old Moses lov'd to make,
And to his children did bequeath,
To rack their brains and break their teeth)
The child look'd at it——spell'd it o'er,
And gravely made it *Mel cha bore*.
'What, *milk a boar*?' cry'd Goody screaming,
'My child you surely are a dreaming,
An ugly, vile and filthy creature,
The like was never heard in nature,
'I've milk'd of cows a many score,
'But never, thank my God, a boar.'
The boy who knew about as much
Of spelling, as I do High Dutch,
Now look'd at it with greater care,
And said the word was *milk a bear*.
'Aye,' cry'd the dame, 'that's like a word,
'But *milk a boar* was quite absurd;
'I've heard of *milking bears* before,
'But who the de'il would MILK A BOAR.'

[*From the Chillicothe Supporter.*]

COMMUNICATION.

There is, perhaps, few instances on record, since the days of Nero, of more deliberate tyrannic proscription, than one which I shall attempt to narrate.

Captain JARVIS CUTLER, having been recommended by as respectable characters as there are in the state of Ohio, for a *captaincy* in the additional army, was appointed and received orders in June 1808, to recruit.—Before December he had upwards of eighty fine young men enlisted in his company, and in February last he received orders to proceed from New-Port, Kentucky, to New-Orleans, with his company, where he arrived on the 2d of March. In the mean time, *busy babbling fame* had informed Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Secretary Dearborne, that capt. Cutler was a son of Doctor Manasseh Cutler, an old revolutionary patriot, one who had often made *his breast our country's bulwark, during that period which tried men's souls*. This was sufficient—his name was struck from the nomination list, before it was sent to the senate for their concurrence. He is now more than 1500 miles from home, left *sick and friendless*, to gratify these 'ministers of vengeance.' Thus we see, while Duane and a whole host of foreign out-casts and renegadoes are provided with the most lucrative posts by our government, although they possess neither talents, nor any other quality to recommend them, except a devoted sycophancy, the true born sons of America, are not only decried, but prosecuted even to the very brink of the grave.

SEDUCTION.

The man who lays a snare to entrap innocence, however shielded by the specious names of gallantry or gaiety of disposition, is a fiend and a monster that should be shunned and detested by society.

View thyself, seducer! Thou hast perhaps destroyed the fairest blossom in nature——planted the thorn of never ceasing woe, in the bosom of one who loved you—who trusted you; one who perhaps had formed the tenderest wishes for your welfare; one who prized life but as your happiness was centered in it; who thought to have named you by the most endearing of titles: expectation miserably disappointed! Unfortunate girl! the man whom you hoped one day to have called by the fond names of friend, husband, or protector, has proved your bitterest enemy——your cruel destroyer.

As the rose that blushes in the garden, if plucked by the hand of the wanton spoiler, is thrown under foot, neglected and forgotten. Alas! like unto it art thou, child of simplicity. Thy innocence has issued in thy ruin; & *he who once* vowed eternal fidelity to thee, by him art thou forsaken and viewed only as an object of contempt.

Yet wretch! how canst thou view thyself as her superior? From whence the guilt that sinks her below thy level? It was from loving and trusting you—this was her shame. Betrayed through love, to a momentary weakness (which the better principles of her heart condemn) your labours are accomplished——you have conquered: but poor and despicable the exultation.

'Amid the roses, fierce repentance rears
Her snaky crest, a quick returning pang
Shoots through the conscious heart——

She knew of no disguise and suspected none. Now view the heart of the afflicted penitent! See the pangs which rend her struggling bosom! The thorn of anguish rankling at her heart, instead of innocence and cheerful gaiety——instead of that ease which arises from a knowledge of inward purity and worth, you see the conscious blush of shame warm her pallid cheek—trembling lest *there* all might read her crime. Stung when alone by keen reflection, tortured by the pangs of neglected love and lost innocence——contemned by an unfeeling world, she dreads solitude, whilst the society of the virtuous is a constant reproach; and at length having fallen a prey to sensations too acute, either sinks into an untimely grave, or buries recollection in the commission of new crimes.

Canst thou then, despoiler, behold the unhappy victim of thy desires, sink into the cold arms of death, for relief from miseries of which thou art the cause? or see her plunge, by thee led to the brink, into the gulf of woe and infamy? Blush miscreant! whilst contemplating the deformity of thine own image; nor think the picture exaggerated, and abhor thyself.

Those who arrogate to themselves the exclusive title of friends to the people, exhibit but indifferent proofs of friendship, when they first injure to an alarming extent the very people whom they profess to serve, and then cunningly attempt to conceal the injury from their sight. If good intentions and honest dealings animate and characterise the conduct of our rulers, no deceptive mist need be thrown round their propositions; no false colorings need be given for their plans, but acting in the sunshine of political rectitude, they should in a manly and open manner avow the measures and the objects of those measures, which the public good required. The ruinous effects of the late embargo necessarily reached the treasury. The secretary of that department has officially declared that a sum not less than three millions of dollars will be wanted for the ensuing year. Something must be done. It was necessary to provide for the current expences of our government, or its 'wheels would be stopped.' What has followed? A bill has been introduced into the house of representatives authorising the commissioners of the sinking fund to *borrow money* to *pay off* a part of the *national debt*. Why borrow money on that account? These commissioners can discharge by law, only eight millions of that debt during the year. This amount with that of 600,000 dollars for the civil list, have priority of claim. There is money enough (nine millions) in the treasury to pay them. The commissioners do not want it—but the government wants it; and the majority unwilling to acknowledge a poverty brought on them by their own destructive measures, are desirous of hoodwinking the people, and imposing on them the belief, that the popular measure of paying off a part of the public debt alone induced them to authorise the loan. Artifice should be stripped of its power to delude, by the detecting scrutiny of truth—the disingenuous and unworthy devices of demagogues to keep themselves in authority, by deceiving the public, should be exposed, in order to be discountenanced. The people should enquire into the conduct of their rulers, and measure it by their professions, they should understand the true causes of every new tax which is imposed on them, and every *loan* which they must hereafter be taxed to pay for.

[*Wilmington Gaz.*

EPIGRAM.

Quoth John to Tom, 'tis ever true,
I've reason good for what I do;
I send a friend my purse—a hint,
'Tis empty, and wants something in't.
You might, if that be all, Tom said,
For that good reason, send your *head*.

From the New-York Weekly Museum.

On DRUNKENNESS.

Among the numerous vices to which human nature is subject, there is not one so disgraceful, so contemptible, or so degrading, as that of drunkenness. It is strange how man, the pride of reason, can descend to a character so derogatory to the dignity of his nature, so repugnant to every dictate of reason, and which places him so nearly on a level with the brute.

The progress of this odious and detestable vice, though at first imperceptible, is gradually established; and at length, undermining the whole nature of man, it irresistibly bursts forth in the commission of the most horrible crimes, and terminates in the inevitable ruin of its unhappy possessor. Oh! thou infatuated mortal, whoever thou art, stop in thy mad career. The lingering hand of death will sooner or later terminate your existence, and prostrate you in the silent grave,

To become acquainted with the pernicious effects of intoxication, let us have recourse to history. The first personage that would present itself to us would be Alexander the Great. That man, who, with a handfull of Macedonians, could conquer nearly the whole world; who could sustain heat, cold or fatigue, with equal indifference; who marked his way with fire and sword; that very man was himself conquered by the delusive charms of intemperance. When he, on a certain occasion, had killed his friend Clytus, his conscience stung him with remorse, and that sword which was teeming with the blood of his old general, would have terminated his own existence, had not his guards interfered. A life, however, which had been thus preserved, did not long survive the atrocious deed. Alexander continued for some time afterwards to plunge headlong into the grossest enormities, to satisfy his love of pleasure, which at length terminated his existence. Let this example suffice.

Such, Oh! drunkenness are thy fatal effects. Such, Oh! man, thy mad career. Learn from this example of Alexander, that infatuated monster, to correct thy errors, to mend thy conduct, and never suffer reason to become the dupe of the passions.

A. B. C.

We would advise honest Mat, when he visits Binns, not to take the little rope-maker with him, as Binns is known to have an utter aversion to the smell and sight of hemp, since his narrow escape from being choaked with that weed, and the sight of one that works in that *line*, might cast a *cloud* over his bright ideas.

For the TICKLER.

Reader, beneath the turf is laid
A Camel, whose unerring trade
Was Love:
'Tis strange a sprightly maid reply'd,
A Camel should possess such pride,
Or lover deign to prove.'

'I'd have you know, O lovely fair,
That on the earth there Camels are
Who know the purest flame,
That ever fill'd the human heart,
They know and feel the tender smart
Of lovers pleasing flame.'

He lov'd a maid, whose cruel mind
Knew not the precept to be kind
With Love:
'Tis all a joke,' the nymph replied,
'If she refus'd to be his bride,
He'd find another love.'

He died lamented but by few,
No flowers o'er his grave they strew,
No willow weeps his death;
No tears did fall from Beauty's eye,
No weeping friends were standers by,
To catch his latest breath.

'I feel for your untimely end,
A tear did down her cheek descend,
Oh, may the angel Peace
Welcome you to her happy clime,
There dwell till latest end of time'
All trouble there does cease.'

ALEXIS.

Dr. Frick says he don't feel himself under any obligation to Simon Snyder for appointing his father to office, but to Mr. Binns who ordered him to do it—which order Simon dare not disobey.

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